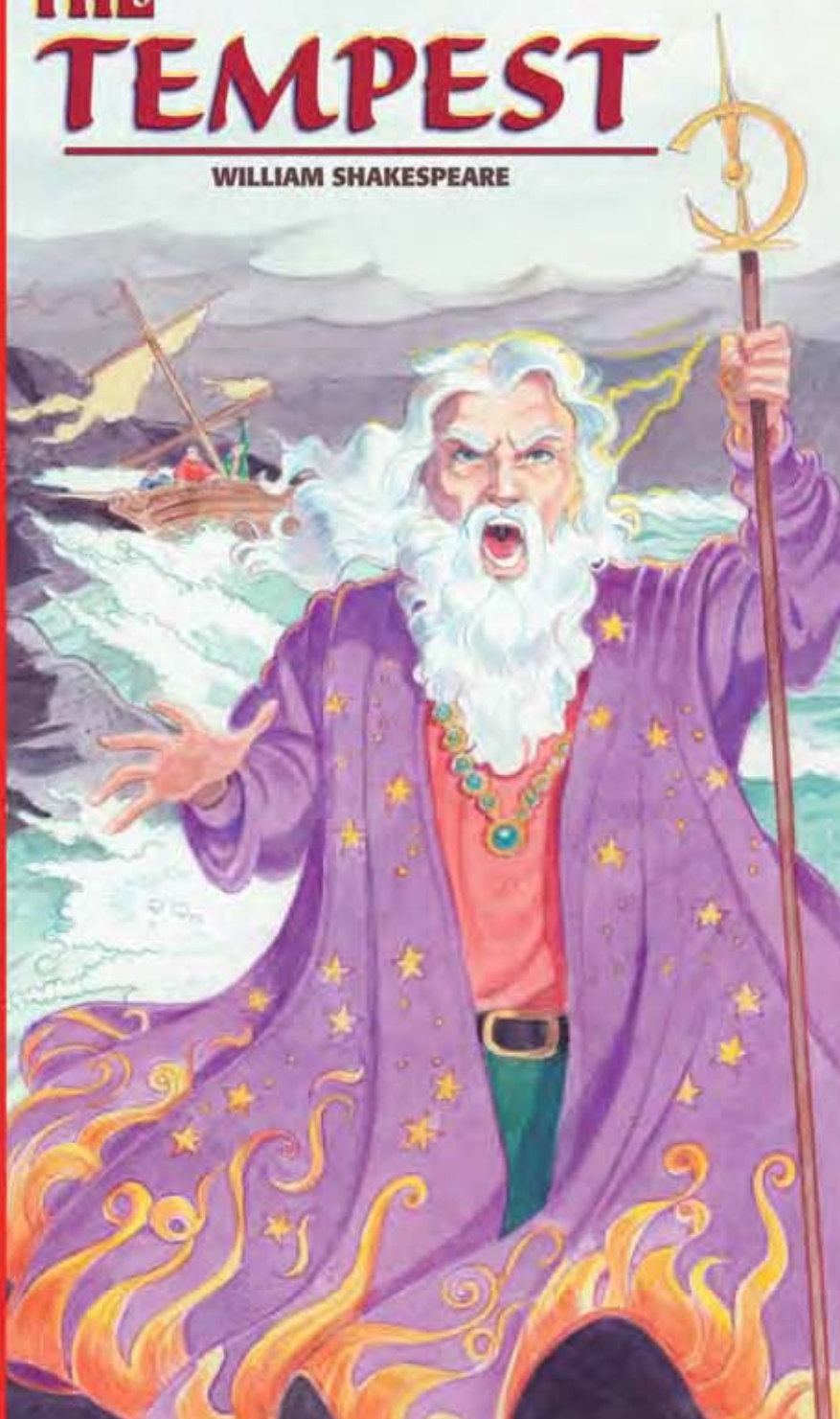


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THE TEMPEST

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Classics

SADDLEBACK



The Tempest

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ADAPTED BY

Brady Timoney





Hamlet
Julius Caesar
Macbeth
The Merchant of Venice
A Midsummer Night's Dream
Othello
Romeo and Juliet
The Tempest

Development and Production: Laurel Associates, Inc.
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BACKGROUND

Thanks to his scheming brother, Prospero has been banished as the Duke of Milan. For the past 12 years, he has lived on a deserted island with his daughter Miranda, now 15. Prospero's deep interest in study, the cause of his downfall in Milan, has ironically helped him to control the island through magic. Caliban, the deformed son of the dead witch Sycorax, is Prospero's unwilling servant. Ariel, a fairy who had been imprisoned in a pine tree by Sycorax, also serves Prospero. As the play opens, Prospero has caused a tempest at sea leading to the wrecking of a ship carrying his old enemies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ALONSO The King of Naples

SEBASTIAN Alonso's brother

PROSPERO The rightful Duke of Milan

ANTONIO Prospero's brother, who has taken the position of the Duke of Milan

FERDINAND The son of the King of Naples

GONZALO An honest old counselor

ADRIAN and **FRANCISCO** Lords

CALIBAN A deformed slave

TRINCULO A jester

STEPHANO A drunken butler

CAPTAIN OF A SHIP

BOATSWAIN The officer in charge of the deck's crew and equipment

SAILORS

MIRANDA Prospero's daughter

ARIEL An airy spirit

IRIS, CERES, JUNO, NYMPHS, REAPERS Spirits

ACT 1

Scene 1

*A ship tosses and rocks during a storm. The **captain** and the **boatswain** come out on deck.*

CAPTAIN: Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN: Here, Captain. How goes it?

CAPTAIN: Good fellow, speak to the sailors.

Hurry, or we will soon run ourselves
aground. Hurry!

*(**Captain** exits, blowing his whistle. **Sailors** run by and start pulling at the sails.)*

BOATSWAIN: Heave ho, my hearties!

Work harder! Quickly! Take in the
topsail. Obey the captain's whistle.

(Defiantly, to the storm): Blow until you burst
your lungs, as long as we can sail on.

*(**Alonso** enters, along with **Sebastian**, **Antonio**,
Ferdinand, **Gonzalo**, and **others**.)*

ALONSO: Boatswain, where's the captain?

BOATSWAIN: Don't you hear him? You're
in the way! Stay below. You're helping the
storm.

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GONZALO: No, good fellow, be patient.

BOATSWAIN: When the sea is! (*Pointing to the huge waves*) What do these care about kings? To your cabins! Silence! Get out of our way!

GONZALO: Good sir, remember who is on board.

BOATSWAIN: None that I love more than myself. You are a counselor. If you can command this storm to silence, do so. If not, give thanks that you have lived so long, and go to your cabin. Prepare for trouble, if it comes along.

(*To the passengers*): Get out of our way, I say!

(*Boatswain exits, shouting orders.*)

GONZALO: This fellow gives me great comfort. He wasn't born to be drowned—but hanged instead. Fate, stick to his hanging. Make the rope of his destiny our anchor, for our own is not helping us. If he has not been born to be hanged, we're in trouble.

(*Alonso and others exit. Boatswain enters again.*)

BOATSWAIN (*to sailors*): Down with the topmast! Quick! Lower, lower!

(*Shouts are heard from the passengers below decks.*)

Blast all this howling! They are louder
than the weather.

(*Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo enter again.*)

You again? What are you doing here?
Shall we give up and drown? Do you
want to sink?

SEBASTIAN: May you choke, you bawling dog!

BOATSWAIN: Do some work, then.

ANTONIO: Hang, you dog! Hang, you
loudmouth! We are less afraid of
drowning than you are.

GONZALO: I guarantee he won't drown, even if
the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

BOATSWAIN (*to the sailors*): Heave ho!

Raise the mainsail! Out to sea again.
Turn her around!

(*Sailors enter, soaking wet and frightened.*)

SAILORS: All is lost. Say your prayers! It's
hopeless. **(*Sailors exit.*)**

GONZALO: The king and the prince are at
prayers. Let's join them. It seems to be
our only hope.

**(*A confused noise is heard. "Mercy on us! Farewell, my
wife and children. Farewell, brother! Oh, no! The ship
is splitting up, splitting up!"*)**

ANTONIO: Let's all go down with the king.

SEBASTIAN: We must say farewell to him.

(Antonio and Sebastian exit.)

GONZALO: Now I would give a hundred
miles of sea for an acre of barren ground!
God's will be done! But I would much
rather die a dry death.

(Gonzalo exits.)

Scene 2

An island. A cleared place before Prospero's cave.

Prospero and Miranda enter.

MIRANDA: My dearest father, if by your magic
You have raised this storm, stop it now.
The sky seems to be pouring down
flaming tar,
And the sea rises up to dash out the fire.
Oh, I have suffered with those I saw suffer!
A brave ship, which no doubt had some
Noble people on board, was dashed to
pieces.
The cries broke my heart! Poor souls,
they must surely have died!
If I'd been a god with any power, I would
Have sunk the sea into the earth. I would
never
Have let it swallow the good ship and

The cargo of souls within her!

PROSPERO: Calm down. Don't be so upset.

Tell your tender heart there's no harm done.

MIRANDA: Oh, this is a terrible day!

PROSPERO: No harm. I have done nothing

But what's best for you, my dearest
daughter.

You don't know who you are, nor where
I came from. You do not yet know that

I am greater
Than just Prospero, your humble father
Who lives in a humble cave.

MIRANDA: I never thought I should know more.

PROSPERO: It's time I tell you. Lend me a hand.

Help me remove my magic cloak.

(She does so, and he places it on a rock.)

Wipe your eyes. Take comfort.

The dreadful sight of the wreck harmed
no one.

Not even a hair has been hurt on any
creature

You heard crying or saw sinking into the sea.

Sit down. Now you must know more.

MIRANDA: You have often begun to tell me

What I am. But you always stopped and

Left my questions unanswered, saying,

"No more. Not yet."

THE TEMPEST

PROSPERO: The hour has now come.
The very minute tells you to listen.
Now pay attention. Can you remember
A time before we came to this cave?
I do not think you can, for then you
were not
Quite three years old.

MIRANDA: Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO: What can you remember?
Some other house or person?

MIRANDA: It's far off and rather like a dream.
Did I not have four or five women once
to look after me?

PROSPERO: You did, and more, Miranda.
But how is it that this lives in your mind?
What else can you see in that dim past?
If you remember things before you
came here,
How you came here might come back
to you.

MIRANDA: But I do not.

PROSPERO: Miranda, just twelve years ago,
your father
Was the Duke of Milan and a powerful
prince.

MIRANDA: Sir, are you not my father?

PROSPERO: Your mother was a masterpiece
of Virtue,

And she said you were my daughter.
Your father was the Duke of Milan.
His only heir was a princess, equally noble.

MIRANDA: My heavens! What foul play
Did we suffer, that we came to this place?
Or was it something good that we did?

PROSPERO: Both, both, my girl!
We were exiled by foul play, as you said.
But we were helped here by Divine
Providence.

MIRANDA: Oh, Father, my heart bleeds to
think of
The trouble I must have been to you,
Which I don't remember.
Tell me more.

PROSPERO: My brother was called Antonio.
Oh, that a brother could be so wicked!
Next to you, I loved him more than
anyone.
I trusted him to manage my kingdom.
At that time, Milan was the leading
city-state, and
I was the ruling duke. My understanding of
The liberal arts was unequalled. Since
education
Was my obsession, I continued to study.
I left the business of government to my
brother

And became a stranger to my own court.
I was all wrapped up in my secret studies.

Your false uncle—are you listening to me?

MIRANDA: Sir, most carefully!

PROSPERO: He learned how to grant favors, and
How to deny them. He learned who to
promote,
And who to cut down to size. In this way,
He won the loyalty of my supporters.
Having then both personal power
And control over officials, he alone could
call the tune
In my kingdom. He became the ivy that
hid my
Princely tree from view.
He sucked the very life out of it. Are you
listening to me?

MIRANDA: Oh, good sir, I am!

PROSPERO: Listen well. I neglected my worldly
Duties and instead concentrated on
bettering my mind.
This is what waked an evil nature in my
false brother.
My trust, which had no limits, encouraged
An equal and opposite deceit in him.
He was made rich by my income
And powerful by the trust I put in him.
We had switched places, and he took on

My royal duties, with all their privileges.
He began to think like a man who believes
His own lies—that *he* was indeed the duke.
In this way, his ambition grew. Do you hear?

MIRANDA: Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO: He wanted to be the real duke!
As for me, poor fool, my library seemed
Dukedom enough. Soon he began to think
I was not able to handle my affairs.

Eager for power,
He allied himself with the King of Naples.
He agreed to pay him taxes and to
Follow his leadership. He subjected Milan,
Up to then proudly independent, to the
Humiliation of being controlled by Naples.
Alas, poor Milan!

MIRANDA: Oh, in the name of heaven!

PROSPERO: Note the conditions of the treaty
And the results. Then tell me if this is the
work of a brother.

MIRANDA: I'd be wrong to think less than nobly
Of my grandmother.
Good mothers have given birth to bad sons.

PROSPERO: Now the treaty. This King of Naples,
Being an old enemy of mine,
Listened to my brother's idea. My brother
Would give him homage and money—
I don't know how much. In return, the king

Would instantly expel me and my family
From Milan and give my title to my
brother.

Then, a treacherous army was raised.
One fatal midnight, Antonio opened
The gates of Milan. In the dead of darkness,
His henchmen hurried us out—
Me and your crying self.

MIRANDA: Alas, for pity's sake!

Not remembering how I cried out then,
I will cry all over again. It is a tale
That brings tears to my eyes.

PROSPERO: Hear a little more.

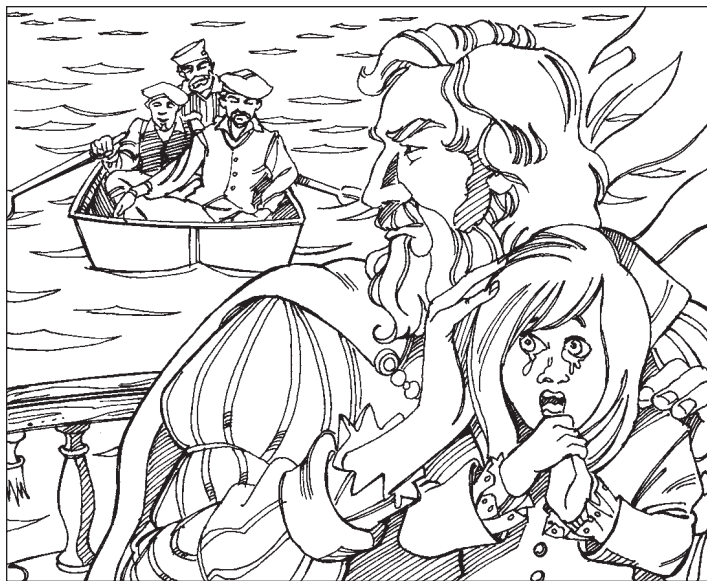
Then I'll bring you to this latest business
Which is now upon us. Without it, this story
Would not even matter.

MIRANDA: Why did they not kill us, then?

PROSPERO: A good question, my girl.

Dear, they didn't dare. My people loved me
Too much, and they didn't want their foul
Deed to be marked with blood.

In short, they hurried us aboard a boat and
Took us several miles out to sea. There
A rotten carcass of a ship awaited us.
It had no rigging, tackle, sail, or mast.
Even the rats had left it. There they put us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us,
To sigh to the winds that sighed back to us.



MIRANDA: Alas, what trouble was I to you then!

PROSPERO: Oh, you were an angel who saved me.
All the while you smiled, divinely brave,
While I sprinkled the sea with salty tears
And groaned in misery.

MIRANDA: How did we reach the shore?

PROSPERO: By Divine Providence.
We had some food and fresh water given
To us by a noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo.
He also gave us fine clothes, linens, and
Other supplies that have since been useful.
And out of the kindness of his heart,
knowing how dearly

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I loved my books, he brought me volumes
from
My own library that I prize above my
dukedom.

MIRANDA: I hope to see that man someday!

PROSPERO: Listen to the last of our sea-sorrow.
We got to this island. Here, as your teacher,
I've given you a fine education—much better
Than that of other princesses who have
More time for foolishness and
Whose tutors are not so careful.

MIRANDA: Heaven thank you for it! And now,
Please, sir—for it is still on my mind—what
Was your reason for raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO: I will tell you this much.
By a strange accident, good Fortune,
which is
Now on my side, has brought my enemies
To this shore. And by my gift of second
sight,
I know that my lucky stars are shining
on me now.
I must seize upon this opportunity.
If I do not,
My fortunes will ever after droop.
No more questions for now.

(He passes his hands across her eyes.)

You feel sleepy. It is a good feeling.
Give in to it. I know you cannot choose.

(Miranda falls asleep.)

Come here, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel. Come!

(Ariel, a spirit, enters.)

ARIEL: All hail, great master! Learned sir, hail!
I come to do your bidding, whether it be
to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, or to ride
On the curled clouds. Ariel and all of his
fellow spirits
Are at your service.

PROSPERO: Spirit, have you caused the tempest
That I ordered?

ARIEL: In every detail. I boarded the king's ship.
At the prow, below decks, on deck,
And in every cabin, I struck terror.
I appeared as separate flames, and then
I'd meet and join as one. Lightning flashes,
Which preceded the dreadful thunder claps,
Were never more frequent and bright.
The fire and cracks of thunder seemed to
Besiege even the mighty sea-king, Neptune,
And make his bold waves tremble.

PROSPERO: Brave spirit! Who could be so strong
That this uproar would not infect his reason?

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ARIEL: Every soul aboard felt a touch of madness
And acted with desperation. All but the
sailors
Plunged into the foaming brine and left
the ship,
Which was burning at the time with my fire.
The king's son, Ferdinand, with his hair
Standing up—it was like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man to leap. He cried,
“Hell is empty. All the devils are here!”

PROSPERO: Why, that's my spirit!
But wasn't this near shore?

ARIEL: Close by, my master.

PROSPERO: And are they safe, Ariel?

ARIEL: Not a hair on their heads was harmed.
As you ordered, I've spread them about
the island in groups.
The king's son I have landed by himself.
I left him sighing away in an odd corner
Of the island, sitting with his arms folded
In a sad knot like this. (*He demonstrates.*)

PROSPERO: What have you done with the ship,
The sailors, and the rest of the fleet?

ARIEL: The king's ship is safely in harbor.
It is in the deep cove, where you once called
Me at midnight to fetch magic dew from the
Stormy Bermudas. The sailors are stowed
Under hatches below decks. I have cast a

Sleep spell on them, for they need the rest.
As for the rest of the fleet, which I scattered,
They have now met again and are on the
Mediterranean Sea. All are sadly bound
home for Naples.

They are sure that they saw the king's
Ship wrecked and the king himself drowned.

PROSPERO: You've done exactly as I ordered.
But there's more work to do, Ariel.
What time of day is it?

ARIEL: Past midday.

PROSPERO: At least 2:00. Between now and 6:00,
The time must be spent most wisely.

ARIEL: More work? Since you ask so much,
Let me remind you of what you promised—
Which hasn't yet been granted.

PROSPERO: What? Moody? What can you want?

ARIEL: My liberty.

PROSPERO: Before your time is up? Let's hear
no more of that!

ARIEL: With all due respect,
Remember that I have done as you asked.
I have told you no lies, made no mistakes,
Served without grudge or grumblings.
You did promise to release me a year early.

PROSPERO: Do you forget the torment
From which I freed you?

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ARIEL: No.

PROSPERO: You have! Now you think it is
Too much to walk on the ocean's floor,
To run upon the sharp wind of the North,
To do my bidding in the deep waters
When the earth is hard with frost.

ARIEL: I do not, sir.

PROSPERO: You lie, you evil thing!
Have you forgotten the foul witch Sycorax,
Who was bent double with age and envy?
Do you not remember her?

ARIEL: I do, sir.

PROSPERO: You have *forgotten*! Where was she
born?
Speak. Tell me!

ARIEL: Sir, in Algiers.

PROSPERO: Oh, was she really? Once each month
I must go over what you have been,
Which you forget. You know that
This evil witch Sycorax was banished
From Algiers for countless misdeeds and
Terrible sorceries unfit for the human ear.
They wouldn't take her life
Because of one thing. Isn't this true?

ARIEL: Yes, sir.

PROSPERO: This blue-eyed hag was pregnant
when

She was brought here by the sailors. You—
My “slave,” as you describe yourself—
Were then her servant. Because you were
Such a sensitive spirit, you refused to
 carry out
Her gross and disgusting commands.
For this, she, in an uncontrollable rage,
 imprisoned you
In a split pine tree. With the help of
 her more
Powerful assistants, you remained there
Most painfully for twelve years. During
 that time,
She died and left you there. You groaned
As fast as mill wheels strike the water.
At that time, there were only two humans
On the island—you and the freckled son
To whom she had given birth.

ARIEL: Yes. Caliban, the witch’s son.

PROSPERO: The *dunce*! That’s who I mean:
That Caliban who is now my servant.
You know best the torment in which
I found you. Your groans did make the
Wolves howl. They touched the hearts
Of the ever-angry bears. It was a torment
Of the damned, which Sycorax
Could not reverse. It was *my* magic art,
When I arrived and heard you, that opened
The pine tree and let you out.

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ARIEL: I thank you, master.

PROSPERO: If you complain again, I'll split
an oak
And lock you in its knotty insides.
You can stay there until you have howled
away twelve winters!

ARIEL: Your pardon, master!
I'll obey your commands
And do my duties graciously.

PROSPERO: Do so—and two days from now
I will set you free.

ARIEL: That's my noble master!
What shall I do? Tell me. What shall I do?

PROSPERO: Go make yourself into a sea nymph.
Be invisible to everyone but you and me.
Go, take this shape, and come back in it.
Leave now, and do as I say.

(Ariel exits. Prospero turns to the sleeping Miranda.)

PROSPERO: Awake, dear heart, awake.
You have slept well. Awake.

MIRANDA: Your story made me sleepy.

PROSPERO. Shake it off. Come on.
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Gives us a kind word.

(He turns to the opening of a nearby cave.)

MIRANDA: He's a villain. I don't like to see him!

PROSPERO: Yet even so, we cannot do without
his help.

He does make our fire, fetch our wood,
And perform services that help us.

(Calling out) Hey, there! Slave! Caliban!

You clod, you! Answer.

CALIBAN *(from inside the cave):* There's enough
wood inside.

PROSPERO: Come out, I say!

Come, you tortoise! How much longer?

(Ariel enters, looking like a sea nymph.)

A fine sight!

My skillful Ariel, a word in your ear.

(He whispers in Ariel's ear.)

ARIEL: My lord, it shall be done.

(Ariel exits.)

PROSPERO *(to Caliban):* You poisonous slave,
Fathered by the devil himself upon your
Wicked mother! Come out!

(Caliban, an ugly and deformed creature, enters.)

CALIBAN: May a wicked dew
From rotten bogs drop on you both!
May a hot wind blow and blister you all over!

PROSPERO: For saying that, be sure of this:
Tonight you shall have cramps,
side-stitches

That will cut your breath short.
Goblins shall pinch you all night long.
Your skin will look like a honeycomb,
Each pinch worse than a bee sting.

CALIBAN: I must eat my dinner.

This island is mine, by Sycorax my mother,
And you've taken it from me.
When you first came here, you stroked me
And made much of me. You'd give me water
With berries in it. You taught me what
To call the big light that burns during the day,
And what to call the smaller lights at night.
Then I loved you and showed you
All the features of the island—
The fresh springs and the salt pits,
The barren places and the fertile ones.
Cursed may I be for doing so!
May all the spells of Sycorax—
Toads, beetles, and bats—fall on you!
I am all the subjects that you have—
I, who was once my own king! You pen me
In this hard-rock cave, while you keep
from me
The rest of the island.

PROSPERO: You lying slave!

Whipping works with you, not kindness.
Filth though you are, I have treated you
With gentle care! I even let you sleep
In my own cave, until you tried

To violate my daughter's honor!

CALIBAN: Oh ho! Oh ho! I wish I had!

You stopped me. Otherwise, I would have
Populated this island with Calibans!

MIRANDA: You disgusting slave!

Goodness has no effect on you.

You are all evil. I pitied you and

Took the trouble to teach you to speak.

Not an hour passed that I didn't teach you

One thing or another. At that time, savage,

You didn't know your own thoughts, but

Would babble like a brute. I gave you

The words to make your thoughts known.

But your vile race, even though you did learn,

Had something in it that decent people

Could not bear. Therefore, you were

Rightly confined into this cave, though you

Deserved more punishment than this prison.

CALIBAN: You taught me language. My profit

From it is that I know how to curse.

May the plague with its red sores destroy you

For teaching me your language!

PROSPERO: Get away, you son of a witch!

Fetch us some wood, and be quick about it.

(Caliban shrugs to show his indifference.)

Do you shrug your shoulders, you evil thing?

If you disobey me, or work unwillingly,

I'll wrack you with cramps,

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Fill all your bones with aches, make you roar
So loud that beasts will tremble at your noise.

CALIBAN (*shrinking in fear*): No, please don't.

(*aside*): I must obey. His magic is so
powerful

It could even control Setebos,
my mother's god,
And make a servant of him.

PROSPERO: So, slave—go!

(*Caliban exits. Ferdinand enters, followed by Ariel, who is invisible to all but Prospero. Ariel is playing a lute.*)

ARIEL (*singing*): *Come to these yellow sands*

And then take hands.

Curtsy next, and kiss. This will

Make the wild waves be still.

Step lightly here, and there,

And sweet spirits will sing the chorus.

Hark, hark . . .

CHORUS: *Bow-wow! The watchdogs bark!*

Bow-wow.

ARIEL: *Hark, hark, I hear the rooster crying.*

Cock-a-doodle-doo.

FERDINAND: Where is this music coming from,
The air, or the earth?

(*He listens carefully.*) It has stopped.

Surely, it entertains some god of this island,
Sitting on a bank, weeping yet again

About the wreck of the king, my father.
This music has calmed both me and the
wild waters
With its sweet melody. I have followed
it here
Or, rather, it has drawn me, but it is gone.
No! It begins again.

ARIEL: *Five fathoms deep your father lies,
His bones have coral made.
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Everything about him has decayed
And suffered a complete change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs ring his death knell.*

CHORUS: *Ding dong.*

ARIEL: Listen! Now I hear them, ding-dong
bell.

FERDINAND: The song tells of my drowned father.
This is not a natural thing, nor any sound
The earth has heard. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO (to Miranda): Open your eyes,
And tell me what you see over there.

MIRANDA (admiring Ferdinand): What is it?
A spirit? Lord, how it looks around.
Believe me, sir, it has a very handsome form.
But it is a spirit.

PROSPERO: No, my girl. It eats and sleeps and
Has the same senses that we have.

This gentleman you see was in the shipwreck.
Except for being somewhat stained with grief,
Which is bad for beauty, you might call him
A handsome person. He has lost his friends
And is wandering about to find them.

MIRANDA: I might call him a divine thing,
For I never saw anything on earth so noble!

PROSPERO (*aside*): It's turned out as I'd hoped!
(*to Ariel*): Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free you
Within two days for this!

FERDINAND (*seeing Miranda*): Surely this must be
The goddess for whom this music was
played.

(*to Miranda*): May I humbly ask to know
If you live upon this island? And please
tell me
How I should conduct myself here. And lastly,
Oh, you marvel, here is my main question:
Are you a mortal young maiden or not?

MIRANDA: No marvel, sir, but certainly a
maiden.

FERDINAND: My own language? Heavens!
If I were now where it is spoken, I would be
The highest rank of them who speak it.

PROSPERO: What, the highest? What would
you be
If the King of Naples heard you?

FERDINAND: A lonely man, as I am now, who is

Surprised to hear you speak of Naples.
He does hear me, and because he does,
I weep—because I *am* the King of Naples.
With my own eyes, which have been weeping
Ever since, I saw the king, my father,
Go down in a shipwreck.

MIRANDA: Oh, how terrible!

FERDINAND: Yes indeed, and all his lords,
The Duke of Milan and his brave son
Being two of them.

PROSPERO (*aside*): The real Duke of Milan
and his
Even braver daughter could prove you wrong
If now were the right time to do it.
(*observing Ferdinand and Miranda*) It is love
At first sight. Sweet Ariel, I'll free you for this.
(*to Ferdinand*): A word, good sir.
I think you are wrong. A word with you . . .

MIRANDA: Why does my father speak so rudely?
This is only the third man I have ever seen,
The first I ever sighed for. May pity move
My father to see things my way!

FERDINAND: Oh, if you are a virgin
And your love is not pledged to another,
I'll make you the Queen of Naples!

PROSPERO: Enough of that, sir. A word . . .
(*aside*) Each is infatuated with the other,
So I must make it more difficult for them.

THE TEMPEST

Otherwise, an easy win will make the
Prize seem less valuable.

(to Ferdinand): Another word with you.

I insist that you
Listen to me: You are a fraud, and you have
Come here as a spy, to win this island
From me, the lord of it.

FERDINAND: No, upon my word of honor!

MIRANDA: No evil could live in such a temple!
If the evil spirit were so handsomely
housed,
Good things would want to dwell in it!

PROSPERO *(to Ferdinand):* Follow me.

(to Miranda): Do not speak up for him.
He's a traitor.

(to Ferdinand): Come. I'll chain your neck
and feet together.
You shall drink sea water. Your food shall be
Freshwater mussels, withered roots,
And acorn husks. Follow me!

FERDINAND: No! I will resist such entertainment
Until my enemy has more power.

*(He draws his sword, but Prospero casts a spell on him
so he cannot move.)*

MIRANDA: Oh, dear father,
Don't treat him so harshly. He is a
gentleman

And he has not harmed you.

PROSPERO: What? Do you think my brains
Are in my feet?

(to Ferdinand): Put away your sword, traitor.

You make a show,
But you dare not strike. Your conscience is
Full of guilt. I can disarm you with this stick

(He flicks his magic wand, knocking away Ferdinand's sword.)

And make your weapon drop.

MIRANDA: I beg you, Father.

PROSPERO: Get away! Don't pull my clothes!

MIRANDA: Sir, have pity! I'll vouch for him.

PROSPERO: Silence! One word more
Shall make me scold you, if not hate you.
What? Defend an impostor? Quiet!
You think there are no more like him?
Foolish girl!
Compared to most men, he is like a Caliban,
And most men are like angels compared to
him.

MIRANDA: My tastes are then most humble.
I have no ambition to see a handsomer man.

PROSPERO *(to Ferdinand):* Come now, obey me.
Your muscles are like those of a baby.
They have no strength in them.

FERDINAND: So they are. My senses are all numb,
As in a dream. The loss of my father,
The weakness that I feel, the shipwrecking
Of all my friends, and this man's threats—
They all mean nothing to me if only I
might look upon
This maiden from my prison once a day.
Let free men make use of all the other corners
Of the Earth. I would have space enough
In such a prison.

PROSPERO (*aside*): It's working.

(*to Ferdinand*): Come on.

(*to Ariel*): You've done well,
Fine Ariel. Follow me. Listen to what else
You can do for me.

MIRANDA (*to Ferdinand*): Be comforted.

My father really has a better nature than
You might think. This is unusual behavior.

PROSPERO (*to Ariel*): You shall be as free
As mountain winds. But do exactly as I say.

ARIEL: To the last syllable.

PROSPERO (*to Ferdinand*): Come, follow me.

(*to Miranda*): Do not speak on his behalf.

(*All exit.*)

ACT 2

Scene 1

*Another part of the island. **Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and other survivors** enter.*

GONZALO: I beg you, men, be merry.

We all have cause for joy. Our escape
is worth much more than our losses.
Every day, some sailor's wife, ship owners, and
Merchants have the same reason for sorrow
That we have. But few people in millions
Can claim the good luck we've had in
surviving.

So, dear friends, we must weigh our
sorrow against our luck.

ALONSO: Please, be quiet!

SEBASTIAN (*aside to Antonio*): He receives
comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO (*to Sebastian, sneering at Gonzalo*):

The social worker will not give up so easily.

SEBASTIAN (*to Antonio, agreeing*): Look,
He's winding up the watch of his wit.
(*Gonzalo thinks hard about what to say.*)

Any minute now, it will strike.

GONZALO (*to Alonso*): Sir, when one has
Experienced every possible grief,
There comes to the entertainer—

SEBASTIAN: His fee. A dollar piece?

GONZALO: Peace does come to him, indeed.
You have spoken more truly than you knew.

SEBASTIAN: You've taken it more wisely than I
expected.

GONZALO: So, my lord—

ANTONIO: My, he does go on and on!

ALONSO (*to Gonzalo*): Please, sir, calm down.

GONZALO: I'll say no more, but yet—

SEBASTIAN: He will go on talking!

ANTONIO (*to Sebastian*): For a good bet, which
of the two—Gonzalo or Adrian—will
start crowing first?

SEBASTIAN (*whispering back*): Gonzalo!

ANTONIO: Adrian!

SEBASTIAN: Done! (*They shake on it.*) The bet?

ANTONIO: Just for the fun of it.

SEBASTIAN: It's a deal!

ADRIAN: Though this island seems deserted—

ANTONIO (*laughing*): Ha, ha, ha!

SEBASTIAN (*to Antonio*): So, you win the bet!

ADRIAN (*continuing*): And difficult to reach—

SEBASTIAN (*whispering to Antonio*): Yet—

ADRIAN: Yet—

ANTONIO (*whispering back to Sebastian*): He was bound to say that!

ADRIAN (*unaware that Sebastian and Antonio are mocking him*): The weather seems to be mild, sweet, and delicate.

ANTONIO (*nudging Sebastian*): I once knew a girl like that!

SEBASTIAN: A real charmer, as he so wisely said.

ADRIAN: The air here breathes so sweetly.

SEBASTIAN (*to Antonio*): As if it had rotten lungs.

ANTONIO (*replying*): Or came from a swamp.

GONZALO: Everything one might wish is here.

ANTONIO (*aside*): True, all but the means to live.

SEBASTIAN (*aside*): There's none, or little, of that!

GONZALO: How lush and healthy the grass looks!

ANTONIO (*aside*): Actually, the land is parched.

SEBASTIAN (*aside*): With just patches of green.

ANTONIO (*aside*): He doesn't miss much.

SEBASTIAN (*aside*): No, just the whole truth . . .

GONZALO: But the amazing thing is—and it's almost beyond belief—

SEBASTIAN (*aside*): As most amazing things are.

GONZALO: —that our clothes, though they were drenched in the sea, are still fresh.

ANTONIO (*aside*): What fantastic statement will he make next?

SEBASTIAN (*aside*): He'd put this island in his pocket and give it to his son as an apple.

ANTONIO (*aside*): And by sowing the seeds of it in the sea, he will bring forth more islands.

GONZALO (*to Alonso*): Isn't my jacket as fresh as the day I first wore it at your daughter's wedding in Tunis?

ALONSO: I wish I'd never come on this voyage to see my
Daughter married to the King of Tunis.
Coming home, my son has been lost!
And, in my opinion, she is lost, too.
Now she lives so far away from Italy
That I fear I shall never see her again!
Oh, my son and heir of Naples and of Milan,
What strange fish has made a meal of you?

FRANCISCO: Sir, he may still be alive.
I saw him strike out strongly
And ride the waves that were under him.
He stayed afloat, keeping his bold head
Above the challenging waves. I do not doubt
That he reached land alive.

ALONSO (*sadly*): No, no, he's gone, gone!

SEBASTIAN: Sir, you may thank yourself for
This great loss. You would not bless

Our Europe with your daughter. Instead,
You chose to let her marry an African.
You may never see her again, which is
Enough cause for your weeping!

ALONSO: Please, be quiet.

SEBASTIAN: We all begged you to do otherwise.
The poor girl was torn between wanting
To marry and wanting to obey you,
Not knowing which to choose. Now, I fear,
We have lost your son forever.
Because of this business, Milan and Naples
Now have more widows than there are men
To comfort them. The fault is your own!

ALONSO: So is the greatest loss.

GONZALO: Lord Sebastian, the truth you speak
Is lacking in gentleness and poorly timed.
You rub the sore when you should be
Bringing the medicine.

SEBASTIAN: You are right.

ANTONIO: Just like a surgeon!

GONZALO: Your cloudy mood brings
Foul weather to all of us, good sir.

SEBASTIAN: Foul weather?

ANTONIO: Very foul.

GONZALO (*ignoring them*): If I settled on this
island, my lord—

ANTONIO (*aside*): He'd sow it with nettles.

SEBASTIAN (*aside*): Or weeds or herbs.

GONZALO: In my perfect country, I'd do all
In opposites. There would be no judges.
Learning would be unknown. Riches,
poverty,
And slavery—there would be none.
No contracts, no inheritance, no boundaries,
No fences, no farming, and no vineyards.
There'd be no use of metal, corn, wine, or oil.
And no one would have an occupation.
All men would be idle. And all women, too,
But innocent and pure. No king—

SEBASTIAN (*aside*): Yet he said *he'd* be the king!

ANTONIO (*aside*): The final details of his
country don't agree with the first ones.

GONZALO: Nature would provide for us without
Sweat or work, for the common good.
There would be no treason, crime, swords,
Spears, knives, guns, or artillery.
Nature would bring forth all crops
And harvests to feed my innocent people.
I would govern so perfectly, sir,
That it would be better than the Golden Age.

SEBASTIAN: God save his majesty!

ANTONIO: Long live Gonzalo! (*They laugh at him.*)

GONZALO: And—are you listening to me, sir?

ALONSO: I beg you, sir. Please, no more.

You are talking nonsense!

GONZALO: You are right, your highness. I did it to amuse these gentlemen, who have such sensitive and active lungs that they always laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO: It was you we were laughing at.

GONZALO: In this kind of foolishness, I am nothing compared to you. So continue. Keep on laughing at nothing.

ANTONIO: What a witty blow!

SEBASTIAN (*continuing to mock Gonzalo*): And not with the flat side of the sword!

GONZALO: You are such strong gentlemen! You would lift the moon out of her orbit if she went five weeks without changing.

(*Ariel enters, invisible, playing solemn music.*)

ANTONIO (*to Gonzalo*): My lord, don't be angry.

GONZALO: Of course not. I wouldn't let such a little thing bother me. How about laughing me to sleep? I am very tired.

ANTONIO: Go to sleep. Listen to us. (*He laughs.*)

(*Everyone falls asleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio.*)

ALONSO: What, all asleep so soon? I wish I could Shut out my thoughts by shutting my eyes. They're inclined to close.

THE TEMPEST

SEBASTIAN: Well then, sir, don't resist the feeling.
Sleep seldom visits those in sorrow.
When it does, it is a comfort.

ANTONIO: The two of us will guard you
While you take your rest. We'll protect you.

ALONSO: Thank you. (*He yawns and stretches.*)
I am amazingly sleepy. . . .

(*He nods off quickly. Ariel exits.*)

SEBASTIAN: What a strange drowsiness has
come over them!

ANTONIO: It's the air here.

SEBASTIAN: So why does it not make *us* sleepy?
I don't feel tired at all.

ANTONIO: I don't, either. I'm wide awake.
They all dropped off together, as if
They had all agreed to do so at the same time,
Or as if they were all hit by a thunderbolt.
(*He pauses, thinking.*) What if, Sebastian, oh,
What if—?

(*He stops short, not daring to say what he thinks.*)

I'd better say no more.
And yet, I think I can see in your face,
What you should be. In my imagination,
I can see a crown dropping on your head.

SEBASTIAN: What? Are you awake?

ANTONIO: Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN: I do, but surely you make no sense.

Are you talking in your sleep?

What did you say? This is a strange rest,
To be asleep with your eyes wide open—
Speaking, moving, and yet so fast asleep.

ANTONIO: Noble Sebastian, you are letting
Your fortune sleep—or should I say die!
Your eyes are shut while you are awake.

SEBASTIAN: Your snoring is clear.
There is meaning in your snores.

ANTONIO: I am more serious than I usually am.
You must be so, too, if you're thinking of
Taking my advice. But if you do, you'll be
Three times greater than you are now.

SEBASTIAN: Well, I am like still water—
Not inclined to go one way or the other.

ANTONIO: I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN: Please go on. The look in your eye
And on your face hints that you have
Something important to say.
You seem almost ready to burst with it!

ANTONIO: It's this, sir. (*He nods at Gonzalo.*)
This forgetful old lord—who shall be
forgotten
Himself when he is dead and buried—
Has almost persuaded the king
That his son is alive. It is as impossible

THE TEMPEST

To believe that he didn't drown,
As it is to believe that he who is sleeping
here is actually swimming.

SEBASTIAN: I have no hope that he has survived.

ANTONIO: Oh, out of that lack of hope for him,
What great hope comes for you?

No hope in one direction is, from another
Point of view, so high a hope that even
Ambition can't look that far ahead. Will you
Agree with me that Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIAN: He's gone.

ANTONIO: Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIAN: Claribel.

ANTONIO: She who is now Queen of Tunis—
And now living 30 miles from nowhere.
She can't get news from Naples, unless the
Sun acts as the postman. The man in the moon
Is too slow. That same Claribel is the one
We were leaving when we were shipwrecked.
Some of us were cast here, destined to perform
An act in a drama. In that drama,
What's past is prologue. What's to come
Is to be acted out by you and me.

SEBASTIAN: What nonsense is this?

What are you saying? It is true that
My brother's daughter is the Queen of Tunis.
But she is also the heir of Naples.
The distance between is great.

ANTONIO: And every inch of that distance
Seems to cry out: “How can that Claribel
Ever get back to Naples? Stay in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake up!” Suppose
These sleepers were dead—they’d be no worse
Than they are now. There is someone who can
Rule Naples as well as he who is sleeping.
There are plenty of lords who can prattle on
As much and as needlessly as this Gonzalo.
I could teach a parrot to speak at his level.
Oh, if only you thought the same way I do!
What a sleep this would be
(He points to Gonzalo, Alonso, Adrian, and Francisco.)
In terms of your future!
Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN: I think I do.

ANTONIO: And what do you think of it?

SEBASTIAN: I remember how you overthrew
your brother Prospero. . . .

ANTONIO: True. And look at how well
my clothes fit me now—much better
than before.
My brother’s servants were then my equals.
Now they work for me.

SEBASTIAN: But what about your conscience?

ANTONIO: A good question, sir. Where is it?
Twenty consciences could stand between
Me and Milan. They could be frozen solid and

Then melt before they would bother me.
Here lies your brother, no better than
The earth he lies upon.
(*He draws a dagger.*) With this obedient steel,
I could lay him to bed forever.
While I do that, you could put this old man
(*pointing to Gonzalo*) To the endless 40 winks.
We don't want him to criticize our actions.
For all the rest, they'll lap up our story
As a cat laps up milk.
They'll go along with anything we say.

SEBASTIAN: Your example, dear friend,
Will be my inspiration. As you got Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw your sword.
One stroke shall free you from the tributes
That you pay—and I, the new king,
Will be your dear friend.

ANTONIO: We'll draw our swords together.
When I raise my hand, you do the same,
And let it fall on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN: Just one word more . . .

(*He takes Antonio to one side, where they talk. Ariel enters, still invisible. He goes to Gonzalo.*)

ARIEL: Through his magic art, my master
foresees
The danger that surrounds you.
He sends me forth to keep everyone alive.
Otherwise, his plan will fail.

(Ariel sings in Gonzalo's ear.)

*While you here do snoring lie,
Conspiracy with an open eye
His chance does take.
If of life you have some care,
Shake off slumber, and beware.
Awake, awake!*

ANTONIO *(returning, with his sword raised):*

Then let us both be sudden!

GONZALO *(suddenly waking up):* May the

Good angels preserve the king!

(The others awake and look around in surprise.)

ALONSO *(confused):* What's going on?

(to Antonio): Why have you drawn your sword?

Why do you have such a ghastly look?

GONZALO: What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN *(dropping his sword and thinking quickly):*

While we stood here guarding you,
We heard a hollow burst of bellowing.
It sounded like bulls, or maybe lions.
Didn't it wake you?
It struck my ears most terribly.

ALONSO: I heard nothing.

Did you hear this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO: Upon my honor, sir, I heard a
humming

(A strange one, too), which did awake me.

As I opened my eyes, I saw their weapons.
There was a noise, that's true. It's best that
We be on our guard or leave this place.
Let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO: Lead the way, and let's continue
Searching for my poor son.

GONZALO: May heaven keep him safe from
These beasts—for he's surely on this island.

ALONSO: Lead the way.

ARIEL: Prospero shall know what I have done.
King, go safely on to seek your son.

(All exit.)

Scene 2

Another part of the island. Caliban enters, carrying a load of wood. Thunder is heard in the distance.

CALIBAN: May all the infections the sun
Has sucked from bogs and swamps
Fall on Prospero—and give him a disease!

(Trinculo, a jester, enters.)

Here comes one of his spirits, to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll lie flat, and
Hide under my cloak. Maybe he won't see me.

TRINCULO: There are no bushes or shrubs here
to protect me from the weather, and

another storm is brewing. I hear it in the wind. That huge black cloud looks like a rotten cask about to burst and shed its liquor. If it thunders, as it did before, I don't know where to hide my head. That same cloud is bound to rain pailfuls.

(He sees Caliban.)

What have we here? A man or a fish?
Dead or alive? A fish—he smells like a fish.
He has a very ancient and fish-like smell.
A strange fish! If I were in England and
had this fish painted on a sign, every
fool would give me a piece of silver to
see it. But they would not give a penny
to relieve a lame beggar!

(He looks more closely at Caliban.)

But wait! This is no fish! It looks like an
islander, struck dead by a thunderbolt.

(Thunder is heard, louder now.)

Oh, no! The storm has returned. Where
can I find shelter? Misery gives a man
strange bedfellows. I will shelter with the
dead man till the storm is past.

*(He crawls under Caliban's cloak, until they are lying
head to toe.)*

(Stephano enters, singing, holding a bottle.)

THE TEMPEST

STEPHANO (*singing*):

I shall no more go to sea, to sea.

Here shall I die, on the shore.

This is a lousy song to sing at a man's funeral.

(*taking a drink*) Well, here's my comfort.

(*singing again*) *The captain, the crew, and I
Loved Molly, Meg, Marian, and Margerie,
But none of us cared for Kate.*

For she had a tongue with a tang,

And would cry to a sailor, "Go hang!"

She hated the smell of tar and of pitch—

*Though a tailor might scratch her wherever
she itched!*

So to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a lousy song, too.

(*He raises the bottle to his lips again.*)

But here's my comfort!

CALIBAN (*to Trinculo*): Don't torment me!

(*He groans.*) Oh!

STEPHANO: What's this? Do we have devils here?

(*He inspects the bundle on the ground, from which two sets of legs—Caliban's and Trinculo's—stick out.*)

Do you trick us, with savages and freaks? I
have not escaped drowning to be afraid
now of your four legs.

CALIBAN (*as Trinculo moves about*): The spirit torments me. Oh!

STEPHANO: This is some island monster who has a fever. Where did he learn our language? I will give him some medicine. If that's all that's wrong with him, maybe I can make him better, keep him tame, and take him to Naples. He'd be a good present for any emperor who ever wore shoes.

CALIBAN (*to Trinculo, pleading*): Do not torment me, I beg you. I'll bring the wood home faster.

STEPHANO: He's in a fit now and makes no sense. Let him have a taste from my bottle. If he has never had wine before, it will help end his fit. If I can cure him and tame him, I won't charge *too* much for him—just every penny I can get! (*approaching Caliban*) Come here. Open your mouth. Here is something to stop your shaking.

TRINCULO: I know that voice! It must be—but he is drowned. These are devils! Oh, help me!

STEPHANO: Four legs and two voices—what a monster! His front voice speaks well of his friend, and his back voice utters foul speeches. If it takes all the wine in my bottle to do it, I will cure his fever.

THE TEMPEST

Come. (*He pours wine down Caliban's throat.*)
That's enough. (*He moves to Trinculo.*) Now
I'll pour some into your other mouth.

TRINCULO: Stephano!

STEPHANO: Does your other mouth call me?
Mercy! This is a devil, and no monster!

TRINCULO: Stephano, if you are Stephano,
touch me and speak to me. I am
Trinculo. Don't be afraid. I am your good
friend, Trinculo.

STEPHANO: If you are Trinculo, come forth.

(*He grips Trinculo's legs.*)

I'll pull you by the two small legs. If any
belong to Trinculo, these do.

(*Trinculo scrambles to his feet.*)

Indeed, you are Trinculo! What are you
doing with this creature?

TRINCULO: I thought he'd been killed by a
thunderbolt. But weren't you drowned,
Stephano? Is the storm over? I hid under
this dead monster's cloak, in fear of the
storm. So you are alive, Stephano?

(*He turns Stephano around to get a good look at him.*)

STEPHANO: Please do not turn me about!
My stomach is not settled!

CALIBAN (*aside*): These are fine things, if they



are not spirits. That's a brave god, and he carries heavenly liquor. I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO: How did you escape? Swear by this bottle how you got here! I escaped on a cask of wine, which the sailors threw overboard. I made this bottle from the bark of a tree, with my own hands, after I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN (*at Stephano's feet*): I'll swear on that bottle, to be your true subject! That liquor is heavenly!

STEPHANO (*handing the bottle to Trinculo as if it were a Bible*): Tell me, then, how you escaped.

THE TEMPEST

TRINCULO: I swam ashore, man, like a duck.

STEPHANO (*offering Trinculo the bottle*): Here, kiss the Book. (*Trinculo drinks.*)

TRINCULO: Do you have any more of this?

STEPHANO: My wine is hidden in a cave by the shore. (*noticing Caliban, at his feet*) Well, now, monster! How's your fever?

CALIBAN: Have you dropped down from heaven?

STEPHANO: From the moon, I assure you.
I was the man in the moon, once.

CALIBAN: I have seen you in her, and I adore you.

STEPHANO (*offering more drink to Caliban*): Come on, swear to that. Kiss the Book.

(*Caliban drinks some wine.*)

I'll fill it soon with more wine.

TRINCULO: By this good light, I can see that this is a very foolish monster. Me, afraid of him? A very weak monster! (*He scoffs.*) The man in the moon? A most foolish monster!

(*Caliban finally lowers the bottle.*) Well drunk, monster, for sure!

CALIBAN: I'll show you every fertile inch of the island, and I will kiss your feet.
Please, be my god!

(*He reaches out for the bottle as Stephano nods off.*)

TRINCULO: He is a very wicked monster. When his god's asleep, he robs his bottle.

CALIBAN: Let me kiss your feet. I'll swear myself to be your subject.

STEPHANO: Come on, then. Down and swear!
(*Caliban drops to his knees.*)

TRINCULO: I'll laugh myself to death at this empty-headed monster.

STEPHANO: Come on—kiss my hand!

TRINCULO: But the poor monster is drunk!
A disgusting monster!

CALIBAN: I'll show you the best springs.
I'll pick berries for you. I'll fish for you,
And find enough wood to warm you.
A plague on the tyrant that I serve.
I'll carry him no more wood,
But follow you instead, you wonderful man!

TRINCULO: A most ridiculous monster, to worship a drunkard!

CALIBAN: Please, let me take you where
The apples grow. With my long nails,
I will dig you groundnuts.
I'll show you a jay's nest, and teach you
To trap a nimble little monkey. I'll bring you
Clusters of nuts, and sometimes
I'll get you young seagulls from the rocks.
Come with me.

THE TEMPEST

STEPHANO: Please, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, with the king and the rest of our company drowned, you and I will take over this island.

CALIBAN (*singing drunkenly*): Farewell, master!

TRINCULO (*holding his hands over his ears*): A howling monster! A drunken monster!

CALIBAN (*singing*): *I'll catch no more fish,
Fetch no more wood, at his wish.
I won't scrape his bowls or wash a dish.
'Ban, 'Ban, Caliban,
Has a new master! Get a new man!
Freedom, happy day, happy day!
Freedom, freedom, happy day!*

STEPHANO: Oh, brave monster! Lead the way!

(All exit.)

ACT 3

Scene 1

*In front of Prospero's cave. **Ferdinand** enters, carrying a log.*

FERDINAND: Some sports are painful, but the pain
Is rewarded by delight. Some humiliations
Are undergone with dignity. Most humble work
has a worthy end. This, my lowly labor,
Would be heavy and unpleasant, except
For the mistress whom I serve. She brings
life
To what's dead and makes my work a
pleasure.
Oh, she is ten times gentler than her
father is—
He is made up of harshness! I must move
Thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Or risk punishment. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work. She says that
Such terrible work never had such a worker.
I'm daydreaming. But these sweet thoughts
Do make my work lighter.
I work harder when I daydream this way.

THE TEMPEST

(Miranda enters, followed by Prospero, whom she cannot see.)

MIRANDA: Alas, I beg you not to work so hard!
I wish the fire of lightning had burned up
those logs
That you are forced to pile up! Please,
Set that one down and rest a moment.
My father is studying. Please, rest yourself!
He'll be busy for the next three hours.

FERDINAND: Oh, dear mistress, the sun will set
Before I finish what I must do.

MIRANDA: If you'll sit down, I'll carry the logs
For a while. Please, give me that one.
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND: No, precious one. I'd rather strain
My muscles and break my back than have you
Do such work while I sit idly by.

MIRANDA: It would suit me as well as it does you.
And I would do it much more easily,
For my heart is in it, but yours is not.

PROSPERO (overhearing): Poor creature,
You have caught it badly. This proves it.

MIRANDA: You look tired.

FERDINAND: No, noble mistress. It's like
Fresh morning when you are near me
at night.
I beg you—so I might use it in my prayers—
What is your name?

MIRANDA: Miranda.

FERDINAND: Admired Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration!

Worth what's dearest to the world!

I have admired many a lady, and many times

Their sweet words have made me fall in love.

But never has one of them been so perfect

She didn't have some defect

That argued against her noblest graces.

But you—you are so perfect, so without
equal!

You are created from the best of every
creature!

MIRANDA: I do not know another woman.

I remember no woman's face but my own,

Which I see in my mirror. Nor have I seen

Any other men than you, good friend, and

My dear father. How other faces look,

I know not. But I would not wish for

Any companion in the world but you.

FERDINAND: In rank, Miranda, I am a prince,

And probably a king! I would no sooner

Carry this wood like a slave than I would

Allow a fly to enter my mouth.

Hear my soul speak: The instant I saw you,

My heart flew to your service. There it stays,

Making me a slave to it. For your sake,

I am this patient log-man.

THE TEMPEST

MIRANDA: Do you love me?

FERDINAND: Heaven and earth be witness
To my words. If I speak the truth,
May my words be crowned with success.
If my words are hollow, may any good
That is in store for me turn to misfortune!
I love, prize, and honor you beyond the limit
Of everything that is in the world.

MIRANDA (*crying out*): I am a fool to weep at such
glad news!

PROSPERO (*aside*): A joyous meeting of
Two loving souls! May the heavens bless
both of them!

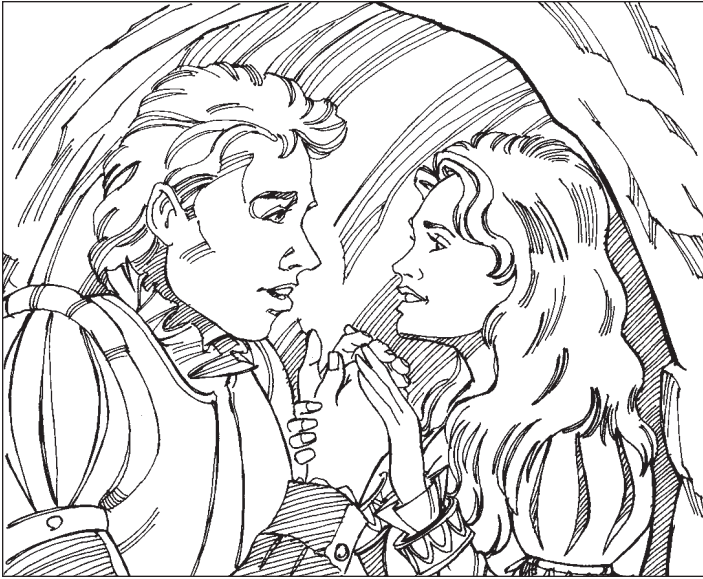
FERDINAND: Why do you weep?

MIRANDA: At my unworthiness. I dare not
offer
What I want to give. Far less, can I take
What I cannot live without. But this is silly.
The more I try to hide things,
The more obvious they seem!
No more bashful riddles!
I will be your wife, if you will marry me.
If not, I'll die unmarried.

FERDINAND: My wife, dearest! And I am
humbly yours forever.

MIRANDA: My husband, then?

FERDINAND: Yes, with a heart as willing as a slave
Who wants freedom. Here is my hand.



MIRANDA: And here is mine, with my heart in it.
And now, farewell, until half an hour
from now.

FERDINAND: A thousand, thousand farewells!
(Miranda and Ferdinand exit, going their separate ways.)

PROSPERO: I am so glad about this! Nothing
on earth could
Give me more pleasure. But I must now
return to
My book of magic. For before suppertime,
I have many things to do.

(Prospero exits.)

Scene 2

Another part of the island. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo enter.

STEPHANO: All right! When the wine is gone,
we will drink water, but not a drop
before. So cheers, and bottoms up!
(*He takes a drink.*) Servant-monster, drink
to me!

TRINCULO: Servant-monster! Freak of this
island! They say there are only five
here—we are three of them. If the other
two are as crazy as we are, the country is
in trouble!

STEPHANO: My man-monster has drowned his
tongue in wine. As for me, the sea cannot
drown me! Before I got to the shore, I
swam thirty-five leagues, off and on.
(*to Caliban*): You shall be my lieutenant, or
my standard-bearer.

TRINCULO: Your lieutenant, if you please. He
can hardly even stand!

STEPHANO: Monster, what do you say to that?

CALIBAN: How is my lord? Let me lick your
shoe. (*nodding at Trinculo*) I won't serve him.
He is not valiant.

TRINCULO: You're lying, you ignorant monster.
I am brave enough to push a policeman.

You wicked fish! Was any man ever a
coward who drank so much wine? How
dare you tell such a monstrous lie?

CALIBAN (*to Stephano*): Listen to how he mocks
me! Will you allow it, my lord?

TRINCULO: “Lord,” he said! Oh, that a monster
should be such a fool!

CALIBAN: Listen, listen, he did it again. Bite
him to death, I beg you!

STEPHANO: Trinculo, watch your tongue! The
poor monster is one of my subjects, and
he shall not suffer embarrassment.

CALIBAN: I thank my noble lord. Will you
listen once again to my request?

STEPHANO: Indeed, I would. Kneel, and repeat it.

(*Ariel enters, invisible.*)

CALIBAN: As I told you before, I’m subject
To a tyrant, a magician. By his cunning,
He has cheated me of this island.

ARIEL: You are lying!

CALIBAN (*thinking Trinculo has spoken*):

You are lying, you jesting monkey, you!

STEPHANO: Trinculo, if you interrupt his story
again, I’ll knock out some of your teeth!

TRINCULO: Why? I said nothing.

STEPHANO: Quiet! No more!

(*to Caliban*): Go on.

THE TEMPEST

CALIBAN: I say, he got this island through magic.
He took it from me. If your greatness will
Take revenge on him, you can be lord of it,
And I will serve you.

STEPHANO: How can I do this?
Can you bring me to him?

CALIBAN: Yes, my lord. I'll betray him to you
While he's asleep.
Then, you may knock a nail into his head.

ARIEL: You're lying. You cannot do it.

CALIBAN (*thinking Trinculo has spoken again*): What
a fool he is! You idiot!

(*to Stephano*): I beg your greatness: beat him,
And take his bottle away. When that's gone,
He'll drink nothing but saltwater, for I'll not
Show him where the freshwater streams are.

STEPHANO: Trinculo, watch yourself! Interrupt
the monster once more, and I promise, I'll
show no mercy. I'll beat you to a pulp!

TRINCULO: Why? What did I do? I did
nothing. I'll go farther off.

ARIEL: You lie. . . .

STEPHANO: Do I? Take that! (*hitting Trinculo*)
If you liked that, call me a liar again.

TRINCULO: I didn't call you a liar. Have you
lost your wits, and your hearing, too? A
pox on your bottle! This is what wine and

drinking can do. A plague on your monster,
and may the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN: Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO (*to Caliban*): Now, go on with your tale.
(*to Trinculo*): Please stand farther away.

CALIBAN: Beat him soundly. After a little time,
I will beat him, too.

STEPHANO (*to Trinculo, pointing*): Farther!
(*to Caliban*): Please, proceed.

CALIBAN: Well, he sleeps every afternoon.
You could smash his brains in then,
Batter his skull with a log, or cut his throat.
Remember *first* to take his books.
Without them, he's a nobody like me,
Without a single spirit to command.
They all hate him as much as I do.
Just burn his books. But what is most worth
Thinking about is the beauty of his daughter.
He himself says she has no equal.

I have seen only two women—
My mother Sycorax and her—
But this daughter far outshines Sycorax,
As the greatest outshines the least.

STEPHANO: Is she really that beautiful?

CALIBAN: Yes, lord, and she'll be good in bed,
I guarantee, and give you many fine children.

STEPHANO: Monster, I will kill this man. His

daughter and I will be king and queen—
God save Our Graces! And Trinculo and
you will be viceroys. Do you like the
plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO: Excellent!

STEPHANO: Give me your hand. I am sorry I
beat you. But please watch what you say.

CALIBAN: Within half an hour, he'll be asleep.
Will you destroy him then?

STEPHANO: Yes, on my honor.

ARIEL (*aside*): I'll tell my master this.

CALIBAN: I'm so pleased. Shall we sing the song
You taught me a while ago?

STEPHANO: For you, monster, I will do
anything, anything. Come on, Trinculo,
let's sing.

(*singing*) *Mock 'em and sock 'em*

And sock 'em and mock 'em!

Thought is free—

(*Ariel plays the tune on a drum and a pipe. The
singers stop and listen in surprise.*)

STEPHANO: What's all this?

TRINCULO (*frightened*): That is our song, played
by the invisible man!

STEPHANO: If you are a man, show yourself as
you are. If you're a devil, choose the
shape you like!

TRINCULO (*kneeling*): Oh, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO (*crossing himself*): Mercy on us!

CALIBAN: Are you afraid?

STEPHANO (*trembling*): No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN: Don't be. The island is full of noises,
Sounds that give delight and don't hurt.

STEPHANO: This will be a great kingdom for
me. I'll have free music every day!

CALIBAN: When Prospero is destroyed . . .

STEPHANO: That will be soon.

TRINCULO: The sound is going away. Let's
follow it, and after that do our work.

STEPHANO: Lead on, monster. We'll follow
you. I wish I could see this drummer. He
lays it on.

TRINCULO: I will follow you, Stephano.

(*All exit.*)

Scene 3

Another part of the island. Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others enter.

GONZALO: To be sure, I can go no farther, sir.
If you don't mind, I must rest!

ALONSO: Old lord, I can't blame you.
I myself am weary. Sit down, and rest.

THE TEMPEST

Here I will give up hope of finding my son.
Alas, he is drowned, and the sea mocks
Our vain search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO (*aside to Sebastian*): I'm glad that he's
Given up hope. Now, don't forget our plans.

SEBASTIAN (*to Antonio*): We'll take the next
opportunity.

ANTONIO (*to Sebastian*): Let it be tonight.
They are so tired from traveling they won't
Be as watchful as when they were fresh.

SEBASTIAN (*to Antonio*): Tonight, then.

(*Solemn music is heard. Prospero enters, invisible.
Spirits bring in a banquet and dance around it,
inviting the king and his party to eat. Then they leave.*)

ALONSO: What music is this? Good friends,
listen!

GONZALO: Marvelous sweet music!

ALONSO: What were they?

SEBASTIAN: A living puppet show! Remarkable!

GONZALO: If I reported this now in Naples,
Would they believe me?

ALONSO: I can't help but marvel at how these
Strange spirits communicate without words.

PROSPERO (*aside*): Hold your praise until later.

FRANCISCO: They've vanished strangely!

SEBASTIAN: No matter. They've left this

Banquet behind—and we have appetites.
(*to the king*) Would you like to try it?

ALONSO: Not I!

GONZALO: I don't think it will harm us.

ALONSO: All right. I will eat.

If it's my last meal, no matter, since I feel
The best part of my life is past.

(*Thunder and lightning. Ariel enters, looking like the fabled Harpy—a monster with a woman's head and body, and a bird's wings and claws. He claps his wings over the table and the food vanishes.*)

ARIEL: You are three men of sin. Fate
Has made the ever-hungry sea belch you up
On this deserted island—you of all men
Being the most unfit to live.

(*Alonso and the others draw their swords.*)

You fools! I and my fellows are the elements
Of which your swords are made!
You might as well slash at the loud winds
Or stab at the sea as try to hurt
The smallest feather in my plumage!

My fellow spirits are equally strong.
You cannot harm them. But remember—
For this is the reason for my visit to you—
That you three from Milan did overthrow
Good Prospero and expose him and his
Innocent child to the mercy of the sea.

THE TEMPEST

For this foul deed, the gods have stirred up
The seas, the shores, and all the creatures
Against you. They have taken your son away
From you, Alonso. Through me they
Sentence you to lingering suffering
(Worse than any quick death),
For the rest of your life.
To guard yourself from their further anger,
There is no alternative but heartfelt sorrow
And a blameless life from now on.

*(Ariel vanishes in a clap of thunder. Then, to soft music, the **Spirits** return and dance mockingly as they carry out the table.)*

PROSPERO: You've acted the role of Harpy
Very well, my Ariel. You did everything
I asked.
So also have my lesser servants done well.
All my spells have worked. My enemies are
Totally confused and now in my power.
I'll leave them like this, while I visit young
Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned,
And his—and my—beloved girl.

(Prospero exits.)

GONZALO *(to Alonso):* What are you staring at?

ALONSO: This is monstrous! I thought the waves
And the winds spoke and told me of my sin.

I heard the thunder say the name of
Prospero.

Because of my guilt, my son lies in the ooze
Of the ocean floor. I'll seek him there,
And join him in the mud.

(Alonso exits, sorrowfully.)

SEBASTIAN *(defiantly)*: One fiend at a time—
I'll fight whole legions of them!

ANTONIO: I'll be your second.

(Sebastian and Antonio exit.)

GONZALO: All three of them are desperate.
Their great guilt, like a slow poison,
Now begins to bite their spirits. I beg you
More athletic men to follow them quickly.
Stop them from what this madness
May now provoke them to do.

ADRIAN *(to the others)*: After them, quick!

(All exit, running.)

ACT 4

Scene 1

In front of Prospero's cave. Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda enter.

PROSPERO: If I have punished you too severely,
Your reward makes up for it. I have given you
A third of my own life—that for which I live.
Once again, I give you her hand. All your
Discomforts and trials were my way of
testing your love,
And you passed the test. Oh, Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me for boasting about her.
You shall find that she is beyond all praise—
It can't keep up with her.

FERDINAND: I know that is true.

PROSPERO: So, as my gift and your own gain,
Worthily won, take my daughter. But
If you sleep with her before the wedding,
Your union will not be blessed by heaven, and
Hatred and conflict shall ruin your union.
Take heed, then, until your wedding day.

FERDINAND: As I hope for quiet days, a family,
And long life with enduring love, nothing
Will melt my honor into lust. It would spoil

The joy of our wedding day, when I'll think
Time has stopped and night will never come.

PROSPERO: Well said. Sit and talk with her.

She is yours. (*calling*) Now, Ariel!

(*Ariel enters.*)

ARIEL: What does my powerful master wish?

PROSPERO: You and your assistants performed
Your last service very well. I want you to
Do another trick. Go get your assistants.
I must let this young couple see more
Of my magic art. I promised them, and
They expect it from me.

ARIEL: Right now?

PROSPERO: Yes, in the twinkling of an eye.

ARIEL: Before you can take two breaths,
They will be here. Do you love me, master?

PROSPERO: Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Don't come
Until you hear me call.

ARIEL: I understand.

(*Ariel exits.*)

PROSPERO (to Ferdinand): Now, keep your word.
Control your passions, or else you can say
Good night to your vow.

FERDINAND: I assure you, sir, that my loved one's
Snow-white purity cools the heat of my
desire.

THE TEMPEST

PROSPERO: Good. Now come, Ariel.

Bring your helpers. Rather than too few
performers,
Let's have too many! Come now! Quickly!
No talking! Eyes open! Silence!

(Soft music plays. The spirits perform a scene. The first spirit appears as Iris, goddess of the rainbow and messenger of the gods. Iris addresses Ceres, goddess of agriculture.)

IRIS: Ceres, generous lady, who makes grow
The wheat, rye, barley, and oats that we
sow—
Your grassy mountains feed the hungry sheep.
Your meadows yield the food for their keep.
Your riverbanks with flowers are dressed
Watered by rainy April at your request.
The queen of the sky,
Whose rainbow messenger am I,
Begs you leave by your royal grace,
And come to this very place.
Join in our fun—do not hesitate!
Come quickly, and help us celebrate!

(Ceres enters, played by Ariel.)

CERES: Hail, many-colored messenger,
Who pleases Juno, wife of Jupiter!
Tell me now, why has your queen
Called me here, to this short-grassed
green?

IRIS: A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some gift—something to donate
To the blessed lovers.

CERES: Tell me, heavenly rainbow,
Is Venus, or her son Cupid, do you know,
Still waiting on the queen? Since the sad day
They helped dark Pluto take my daughter
away,
I've sworn to avoid their evil company.

IRIS: Don't be afraid of her society.
I met her in the clouds with her son.
What they thought they had done
Was this: A spell on the couple they'd placed,
To get them to break their vow to be chaste,
But it didn't work.
The gods schemed in vain.
The hot-headed Venus has gone home again.
Her spoiled son, Cupid, has broken his
arrows,
To shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And behave like a boy again.

CERES: Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes. I know her by her gait.

(Juno enters.)

JUNO: How is my bountiful sister? Go with me
To bless these two, so they may
prosperous be,

And honored in their children.

(singing)

*Honor, riches, marriage blessing,
Long life, and wealth increasing,
Hourly joys be always upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.*

CERES *(singing)*: *Good crops and harvests plenty,*

Barns and haylofts, never empty.

Vines, with clustering bunches growing,

Plants, with heavy burdens bowing.

Spring comes to you at the farthest,

At the very end of harvest.

Scarcity and want shall shun you.

Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FERDINAND: This is a most majestic vision.

Its theme of harmony is charming. Am I
right

To think that these are spirits?

PROSPERO *(nodding)*: Spirits, which my art has

Called upon to do my bidding.

FERDINAND: Let me live here forever.

A father-in-law so wonderful and wise

Makes of this place a paradise.

*(Juno and Ceres whisper and send Iris away to
perform a task.)*

PROSPERO: Ssh, now! Silence! Juno and Ceres

Are whispering. There's more to come.



IRIS: You nymphs, or Naiads, of winding brooks,
With your reedy crowns and harmless looks,
Leave your rippling streams. To this green land
Answer the summons—it's Juno's command.
Come, mild nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love. Do not be late.

*(Several **nymphs** enter.)*

You sunburned reapers of August weary,
Come in from the fields, and be merry.
Make a holiday. Your rye-straw hats put on,
And dance with these nymphs, every one.

*(Several **reapers**, finely dressed, enter. They join with the nymphs in a graceful dance. Toward the end, Prospero*

*gives a start and speaks. The **dancers** sadly vanish, while strange, hollow, and confused noises are heard.)*

PROSPERO (*aside*): I had forgotten the foul plot
Of that beast, Caliban, and his fellow
plotters
Against my life. They'll be here any minute.
(*to the spirits*): Well done! Begone! No more!

FERDINAND (*to Miranda*): This is strange.
Your father's worked up about something.

MIRANDA: Never until this day have I seen
Him touched with anger, so out of sorts.

PROSPERO (*seeing that Ferdinand is upset*):
My son, you look worried and dismayed.
Be cheerful, sir. Our entertainment has
ended.
Our actors were all spirits, as I told you.
They are melted into air, into thin air.
And just as this vision was an illusion,
So tall towers, gorgeous palaces, holy
temples,
And the earth itself—
indeed, all who live on it—
Shall dissolve. Just as this performance
faded,
So not even a cloud will be left behind.
We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded off with a
sleep.

Sir, I am angry. Bear with my weakness,
My old brain is troubled.
Do not be disturbed
By my weakness. If you please,
retire to my cave
And rest there for a while. I'll take a walk
To still my unsettled mind.

FERDINAND and **MIRANDA**: May you find peace.

(Ferdinand and Miranda exit.)

PROSPERO: I summon you with a thought.
Thank you, Ariel! Come!

(Ariel enters.)

ARIEL: I'm tuned in to your thoughts.
What is your pleasure?

PROSPERO: We must prepare to meet Caliban.

ARIEL: Yes, my master. When I acted the part
Of Ceres, I thought of telling you about it,
But I was afraid it might anger you.

PROSPERO: Tell me again—where did you
leave those rogues?

ARIEL: They were red-hot with drinking,
So full of courage that they struck the air
For breathing in their faces and beat the
ground
For kissing their feet! Yet they were always
Moving toward here. Then I beat my

THE TEMPEST

drum and, like unbroken colts,
They pricked up their ears,
Raised their eyes, and lifted up their noses
As they smelled the music. So I put a spell
On their ears and, like calves,
they followed me
Through sharp thorny bushes that cut
their skin.
At last I left them in the filthy pool
Near your cave. They are there, dancing about
Up to their chins, making the lake stink
More than their feet.

PROSPERO: Well done, Ariel! Remain invisible
A while longer. Go and get trivial items
From my house, and bring them here as bait
To catch these thieves.

ARIEL: I go, I go.

(Ariel exits.)

PROSPERO *(talking about Caliban):* A devil,
A born devil, whose nature will never change.
All the pains I've taken to help him are lost,
All lost, quite lost. As his body grows uglier
With age, so does his mind.

(Ariel enters, carrying glittering clothes and several other items.)

Come, hang them on this line.

*(Both invisible, they spread them out and step back.
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo enter, all wet.)*

CALIBAN: Please, walk softly, so that even a
Blind mole may not hear a footstep.
We are now near his cave.

STEPHANO: Monster, your fairy, whom you said
Is a harmless spirit, has done little more
Than play the fool with us.

CALIBAN: My lord, be patient with me.
The prize I'll bring you will blot out this
mishap.

So speak softly. All's as quiet as midnight.

TRINCULO: But to lose our bottles in the pool—

STEPHANO: It's not only a disgrace and
A dishonor, monster, but a great loss!

TRINCULO: It's even worse than getting wet.
Yet this is your "harmless" fairy, monster!

STEPHANO: I'll get my bottle back,
Even if I drown for my labor!

CALIBAN: Please, my king, be quiet. Look here.
This is the mouth of the cave. Enter quietly.
Do that good deed of mischief that will
make this island yours forever,
And I—your Caliban—
Forever your foot-licker.

STEPHANO: Give me your hand.
I begin to have bloody thoughts.

THE TEMPEST

TRINCULO (*noticing the fancy clothes hanging*):

Oh, lord! Oh, worthy Stephano!

Look at the wardrobe that is here for you.

CALIBAN: Leave it alone, you fool. It is but trash.

TRINCULO (*trying on a robe*): Oh, no, monster!

We know what belongs in a thrift shop!

(*parading around*) Oh, King Stephano!

STEPHANO: Take off that robe, Trinculo. I want it!

TRINCULO (*bowing*): Your grace shall have it.

(*He hands it over.*)

CALIBAN: May the fool drop dead! Why are you

Drooling over these clothes? Leave them
alone,

And do the murder first. If he wakes up,
He'll pinch us from head to toe and
torture us.

He might even turn us into wild geese
Or into apes with low foreheads!

STEPHANO: Monster, help us carry these clothes,

Or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Here,
Carry these! (*They pile clothes on Caliban.*)

TRINCULO: And this.

STEPHANO: Yes, and this.

(*Hunting noises are heard. **Spirits** enter, disguised as dogs. Encouraged by Prospero and Ariel, they chase Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban.*)

PROSPERO: Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL: Silver! There it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO: Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there!

(Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban are chased away.)

PROSPERO *(calling after the dogs):* Go,

Tell my goblins to grind their joints with
pain,

Tighten their muscles with cramps,

And pinch their skin until they're more
spotted

Than panthers or leopards!

ARIEL: Listen to them roar!

PROSPERO: Let them be hunted well. At this
hour,

All of my enemies are at my mercy.

Soon my work shall end, and you

Shall be as free as the air. For just a
little longer,

Follow my instructions and serve me.

(Prospero and Ariel exit.)

ACT 5

Scene 1

*A little later, in front of Prospero's cave. **Prospero** enters, wearing his magic robes, followed by **Ariel**.*

PROSPERO: Now my plan is coming together.
My spells are working, my spirits obey,
And everything is on schedule. What is
the time of day?

ARIEL: 6:00, when you said our work would end.

PROSPERO: I did say that,
When I first raised the tempest. Tell me,
spirit,
How are the king and his followers?

ARIEL: Kept together, just as you left them.
They're prisoners in the grove near your cave.
They can't budge until you release them.
The king, his brother, and your brother
Are distressed. The rest mourn over them,
Full of sorrow and dismay. Most affected is
The one you call "the good old lord
Gonzalo."

His tears run down his beard like winter rain
From a thatched roof. Your spell is so strong
That if you now saw them,

Your feelings would be touched.

PROSPERO: Do you think so, spirit?

ARIEL: Mine would be, sir, if I were human.

PROSPERO: So shall mine. If you, mere air,
Can feel sympathy for them, then surely I can.
Go release them, Ariel. I'll break my spells.
I'll restore their senses,
And they will be themselves once again.

ARIEL: I'll fetch them, sir.

(Ariel exits.)

PROSPERO: You elves of hills, brooks, and groves!
And you light-footed spirits who chase the sea
When it ebbs, only to run away
when it flows back!
You fairies who make rings on the village green
At midnight, so sour that sheep will not
chew it!
With your aid, lesser spirits though you are,
I have dimmed the noonday sun,
Called forth violent winds, and made the
Green sea and the blue sky wage roaring war.
I have split stout oaks with thunderbolts.
Graves have opened at my command, and
Their awakened sleepers have come forth.
But this rough magic I now give up.
When I have requested some heavenly
music—

Which I do now—to charm their senses,
I'll break my wand in two. Then I'll bury it
In the earth to the proper depth. After that,
I'll drown my magician's book in the deepest
Part of the ocean.

*(Solemn music is played. **Ariel** enters, followed by **Alonso**, who is gesturing frantically, like a man who has lost his mind. **Gonzalo** is looking after him. **Sebastian** and **Antonio** also seem demented and are cared for by **Adrian** and **Francisco**. They all enter Prospero's magic circle and stand there, spellbound. Prospero speaks to them.)*

Let solemn music, the best comforter
To a troubled mind, cure your brains
That lie so useless in your skulls!
Stand there, for you are under a spell.

Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
My eyes shed tears of sympathy for you.
The charm quickly dissolves. Just as the
Morning melts the darkness of the night,
So your rising senses clear the ignorance
That clouds your clearer reason.

Oh, good Gonzalo, my true savior,

I will reward you for your services,
Both in word and in deed. Alonso,
You used me and my daughter most cruelly.
Your brother helped you do so.
Your conscience bothers you now,
Sebastian!

(*to Antonio*): You, my brother,
My own flesh and blood, you let ambition
Come between us. Yet I do forgive you,
Unnatural though you are.

(*Gonzalo, Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio are gradually coming out of the spell.*)

Their understanding is beginning to flood
back.

None of them can see me now,
Nor would they know me if they could.
Ariel, fetch me the hat and my sword.
I'll remove my robe, and present myself
As the Duke of Milan. Quickly, spirit!
Soon you shall be free.

(*Ariel sings as he helps Prospero dress.*)

ARIEL: *Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
On a primrose petal, I lie.
There I sleep when owls cry,
And on the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

PROSPERO: That's my dainty Ariel! I will miss
You, but you shall have your freedom.

(*He arranges his uniform to look his best.*)

So, so, so.

(*to Ariel again*): Go to the king's ship, invisibly.

THE TEMPEST

Find the sailors asleep below deck.
When the captain and the boatswain
Are awake, make them come here.
Go quickly, if you please!

ARIEL: I'll streak through the air, and return
Before your pulse can beat twice.

(Ariel exits.)

GONZALO: This place is all torment, trouble,
Wonder, and amazement.
May some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO (*confronting Alonso*): Behold, King,
The wronged Duke of Milan—Prospero!
To prove to you that a living prince,
and not a spirit
Does now speak to you,
I embrace your body.
(He holds Alonso to him.) I bid you welcome.

ALONSO: Whether you are Prospero or not,
I do not know. Your pulse beats like a man's.
Since seeing you, the strange madness
I've been under
Seems to have ended. If this is real,
It's part of a very strange story.
I will no longer demand tribute money.
I beg you to pardon me for my wrongs.
But how can Prospero still be living,
and be *here*?

PROSPERO (*turning to Gonzalo*): First,
Noble friend, let me embrace your old self,
Whose honor cannot be measured or limited
in any way.

GONZALO (*dazed*): I have no idea
Whether this is really happening or not.

PROSPERO: You are still under the island's spell.
It stops you from believing in reality.
Welcome, my friends, one and all.

(*aside to Sebastian and Antonio*): But you,
My fine pair of lords, if I felt like it,
I could expose you to the king as traitors.
But for now, I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN (*aside*): It's the devil speaking!

PROSPERO: No! (*to Antonio*): As for you,
You wicked man, to call you "brother"
Would infect my mouth. But I forgive you.
I require my dukedom from you, which
You have no choice but to return.

ALONSO: If you are Prospero, tell us how you
Were saved and how you met us here—
Where three hours ago we were shipwrecked
And where I have lost my dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO: I am sorry about that, sir. I suspect
you have not sought the help of patience.

ALONSO: The loss is irreparable. Patience
cannot cure it.

THE TEMPEST

PROSPERO: I had a loss like yours.

I asked her help, and I now rest content.

ALONSO: You—a similar loss?

PROSPERO: As great to me as yours is to you.

I have lost my daughter.

(He means, of course, that she is engaged to be married.)

ALONSO: A daughter? Oh, heavens!

Oh, if only they were both living in Naples,
As the king and queen there!

When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO: In this last tempest.

(He changes the subject.) I see these lords
Are astonished at this meeting. They hardly
Believe that their eyes tell them the truth.
But know for certain that I am Prospero,
The very duke who was expelled from Milan,
And who landed on this very shore
Where you were shipwrecked. That's enough
For now, for it is a long story.

Welcome, sir. This cave is my court.

Here, I have few servants and no subjects.
Please look around inside. Since you have
returned my dukedom, I will pay you back
With something just as good. It will make you
As happy as my dukedom makes me.

(Prospero reveals Ferdinand and Miranda, playing chess inside the cave.)

ALONSO: If this is an illusion of the island,
I will have lost my dear son twice!

SEBASTIAN: A miracle from on high!

FERDINAND (*astonished to see Alonso alive*): Though
the seas threaten, they are merciful.
I have cursed them without cause.

ALONSO: May the blessings of a happy father
Protect you always. How did you get here?

MIRANDA: Oh, wonder!
How many fine people there are here!
How lovely mankind is! Oh, brave new world
That has such people in it!

PROSPERO: It's new to you.

ALONSO (*to Ferdinand*): Who is this maid
With whom you were playing chess? You
Cannot have known her for more than
three hours.
Is she the goddess that separated us
And brought us back together?

FERDINAND: Sir, she is mortal. By God's grace,
She's mine. I chose her when I couldn't ask
My father for advice—nor thought I had one.
She is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan
Of whom I had often heard, but never seen.
From him I have received a second life.
And this lady makes him a second father
to me.

THE TEMPEST

ALONSO: And I am hers.

But, how odd it will sound
For me to ask my child for forgiveness!

PROSPERO: Stop there, sir. Let's not bring up
Memories of past sorrows.

GONZALO: I have wept inside, or I'd have spoken
Before this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown.

ALONSO: Amen to that, Gonzalo!

GONZALO: Was the Duke of Milan expelled
from Milan so his grandson could be
King of Naples?

Oh, rejoice, and write it with gold on granite:

*In one voyage Claribel found her husband
In Tunis, and her brother Ferdinand
Found a wife when he himself was lost.
Prospero found his dukedom on a poor
island,
And all of us have found ourselves.*

ALONSO: Give me your hands.

Let grief and sorrow fill the heart of anyone
Who does not wish you joy!

GONZALO: So be it! Amen!

*(Ariel enters, with the captain and the boatswain
following after him in amazement.)*

Oh, look, sir, here are more of us!
I predicted that if a gallows were on land,

That fellow could not drown. Silent now,
are you? You swore enough on board!
What's the news?

BOATSWAIN: The best news is that we have
Safely found our king and company.
The next is that our ship—
Which only three hours ago was split—
Is in one piece, shipshape, and well-rigged!

ARIEL (*aside to Prospero*): Sir, I did all of this
Since I last left you.

PROSPERO (*aside to Ariel*): My clever spirit!

ALONSO: Things go from strange to stranger.
Say, how did you get here?

BOATSWAIN: If I thought, sir, that I were awake,
I'd try to tell you. We were sound asleep,
And—just how, we don't know—stuck
below decks.

Then, only now, various strange noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jangling
chains, and other sounds,

All horrible, awakened us.

Suddenly, we were free! Then we saw
Our royal, good, and gallant ship.

Our captain jumped for joy to
see her. Then suddenly,

As if in a dream, we were taken from
The rest of the crew and brought here,
dazed.

THE TEMPEST

ARIEL (*to Prospero*): Was it well-done?

PROSPERO (*to Ariel*): Perfectly! You shall be free.

ALONSO: Some oracle must explain this to us.

PROSPERO: Sir, don't trouble your mind with
Trying to figure out this business.
At our convenience, which shall be soon,
I'll explain it to you. Until then, be cheerful,
And think of everything as good. Come,
faithful spirit,
Set Caliban and his companions free.
It's time to undo the spell.

(Ariel exits. Prospero turns to Alonso.)

How do you feel, my gracious sir?
There are still a few lads missing.

(Ariel returns, leading in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, still wearing their stolen clothing.)

STEPHANO (*still drunk, and getting his thoughts mixed up*): Every man help all the rest, and let
no man take care of himself. It's all a
matter of luck! Courage, monster!

TRINCULO: If my eyes tell the truth, here's a
good sight!

CALIBAN (*admiring everyone*): Oh, the devil!
These are brave spirits indeed! How fine
my master looks! I am afraid he will
punish me.

SEBASTIAN: Ha, ha! What are these things,
Antonio? Will money buy them?

ANTONIO: Probably. (*eyeing Caliban*) One is
Quite strange, and no doubt could
easily be bought.

PROSPERO: Look at what these men are wearing,
My lords. Then judge if they are honest.
(*pointing to Caliban*) This ugly knave,
His mother was a witch, so strong she
Could control the moon and tides.
These three have stolen from me, and this
Monster had plotted with them to kill me.
Two of these fellows are yours, but this thing
Of darkness (*pointing to Caliban*) is mine.

CALIBAN: I shall be pinched to death!

ALONSO: Isn't this Stephano, my drunken
butler?

SEBASTIAN: Clearly, he is drunk now.
Where did he get wine?

ALONSO: And Trinculo is tipsy, too.
Where did they find this strong liquor?
(*to Trinculo*): How did you get in this pickle?

TRINCULO: I have been in such a pickle since
I last saw you. I am so well-preserved that
No flies will ever land on me!

PROSPERO (*to Caliban*): Go to my cave,
And take your companions with you.

If you want my pardon, behave yourself.

CALIBAN: I will, sir. I'll be wise from now on
And try to please you. What an idiot I was
To take this drunkard for a god
And worship such a dull fool!

PROSPERO: Off with you now.

ALONSO: Put that stuff back where you found it.

SEBASTIAN: Or, rather, *stole* it.

PROSPERO (to Alonso): Sir, I invite your
highness
And your followers to my poor cave.
Where you can rest.
Part of this one night,
I'll spend in talk that will make
the time go quickly.
I'll tell you the story of my life, and the
particular details
Of my stay on this island. In the morning
I will bring you to your ship, and then,
on to Naples.
There I hope to see our loved ones'
wedding
Before I shall retire to Milan, where
Every third thought shall be of my grave.

ALONSO: I long to hear the story of your life,
Which must be a very strange one.

PROSPERO: I will tell you everything,

And I promise you calm seas, favorable
winds,
And a voyage so speedy that you'll catch
Your royal fleet, far off though it is.
(aside to Ariel): These are your orders, my
Ariel.

Then may you be as free as the air, and
fare you well!

(to the company, indicating his cave): If you
please, come and join me now.

(All exit.)



Epilogue

Spoken by Prospero

Now my spells are all overthrown,
What strength I have is mine alone.
I am a weak man, now it's true,
I must be detained here by you
Or sent to Naples. Let me not—
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned my brother—dwell
On this bare island, by your spell.
Please release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your applause now set me free.

(Prospero exits.)

THE TEMPEST

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*“We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded off with a sleep.”*

Prospero uses magic to raise a tempest at sea and wreck the ship of his enemies. What will he do when the survivors come ashore? Will he exact revenge? Or will he need all his magical powers to match his daughter with the love of her life?

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